FLIGHT DECK OFFICE GIVES GREEN LIGHT TO ONE OF THE HEAVILY LOADED CORSAIRS CARRYING DESTRUCTION TO COMMUNISTS IN KOREA

KOREAN AIR WAR

Making Like Jetsters

"I'm going to get a set of goggles like jet pilots wear—with trains painted on the lenses" . . . this goodnatured jibe by a *Corsair* pilot on the *Boxer* set the tenor for ready room humor in earlier days of the Korean war. Pilots flying *Skyraiders* and *Corsairs* belittled jet pilots' reports of sighting and destroying numerous trains for at that time prop pilots had seen none.

Jet Ordnanceman Bob Falder of Chicago, a handy man with a brush, secretly painted miniature trains on the lenses of a certain pilot's goggles.

"When he came back from his next hop we thought we'd have fun and tell him why he was always seeing trains," said another ordnanceman in on the deal.

As it often does, things didn't work that way. The fixed goggles got mixed in the ready room. When jet pilot Lt. Joe McGraw of DeWitt, N. Y. was about to be catapulted in his *Panther,* he pulled the goggles over his eyes and . . .

"What the . . .!" he yelled as trains rushed down the flight deck.

But he followed through and reported bagging two rail cars that morning.

Not All Brass

Not all those flying the roaring jets in the Orient sport the bars of an ensign or higher ranks.

The "stovepipes" are being piloted by four sergeants of the First Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea. M/Sgt Avery C. Snow of Santa Ana, Calif., senior member of the flying foursome in the *Panther* jet squadron, is a veteran of 47 combat missions against the communists.

T/Sgt Dwight R. Francisco of Edenton, N. C., also a former *Corsair* pilot, has been flying jets since June, 1949. T/Sgt. Lyle A. Watts of Del Paso Heights, Calif., was a mechanic during World War II. The fourth and latest member of the foursome is T/Sgt. Rosslyn D. Manning of Anaheim, Calif., who switched from the props about a year ago.

A number of Marine enlisted men fly *Corsairs, Tigercats* or transports for the First Marine Aircraft Wing, but these are the only four flying jets. A number of other Leatherneck flying sergeants are qualified jet pilots but fly other types.

All in a Day's Work

Sturdy Douglas R4D transport planes, now passing their 1000th hour in Korean service, are living up to the well earned name of Marine "work horses."

INGENUITY *of Sgts. Harry G. Dunlap (right) and Jack Pfeiffer (left) resulted in rig which quadrupled napalm production of 1st Marine Wing during Red April push*

JUST ONE *use of napalm bombs is severing Red lines of communications and bridges*

TSgt. David A. Schwitzer, crew chief, remarked with pride as he refueled his old "436," the first R4D of the First Marine Aircraft Wing to join the *1000 Hour Club.* "You know, that's a lot of hours and many a ton of cargo this old crate has hauled since last September."

He went on, "This morning at 0930 we took off from a Marine field in southern Honshu for the Haneda airport near Tokyo carrying men on the first leg of their journey back to the States. At Haneda we picked up a cargo of 'belly tanks' for Marine fighter-bombers based in south Korea.

"We took off at 1530 and stopped again for a few moments at the field in southern Honshu to drop off passengers.

"Then we took about 35 minutes for chow and fuel. By 1830 we were airborne again and on our way to the first of two Marine air fields in southern Korea.

"Several hours later we arrived at our first stop and dropped off three men returning from leave in Japan. We were soon on our way to this field for our last flight and arrived here just a little while ago." It was nearly midnight.

Sgt. Schwitzer said he expected the next day's operations to start at about 0600.

This nonchalant acceptance of a "normal" day's operation makes it easy to believe that this particular type of Marine freight-passenger transport is well on its way to shading even its enviable WW II record.

Sweat, Bombs and Boredom

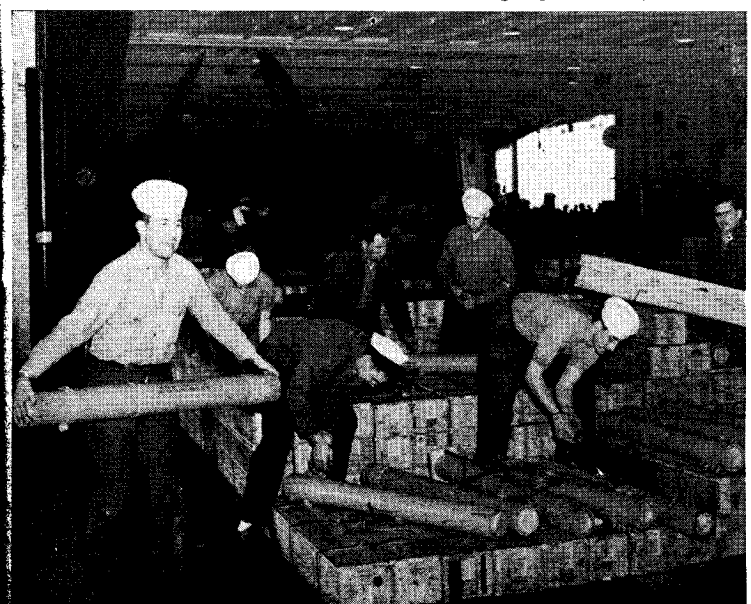
Fighting a war involves long hours of backbreaking physical labor as well as those brief intermittent periods of intense excitement of combat. Among those teams turning in more than their share of the hard but absolutely necessary work is the ordnance personnel on board aircraft carriers.

Days' work running for 15 to 17 hours per man are the usual thing. Items handled range all the way from .50 cal. machine gun ammo to 2,000 pound bombs and napalm.

Sometimes the monotonous routine of loading bombs and bullets is broken by a special request. Like the time the Army (of all people!) asked for torpedoes from the *Princeton.* It's a familiar story now how the Navy bombers shattered the floodgates of the Hwachon dam with their lethal "fish."

This immediate response in providing perfectly operating and seldom-used weapon brought the torpedomen of the "Sweet P's" ordnance section a "well done" from CTF 77, RAdm. Ralph A. Ofstie. Arming of planes starts early and often finished during deck warmup.

WORK JUST *begins for ordnancemen on board Philippine Sea after taking on ammunition while continuing operations far at sea*



IT TAKES *a lot of ammo to keep carrier-launched attacks hitting the Reds. Philippine Sea ordnancemen ready bombs for storage*

CREWMAN *James Nesbit of Detroit laughs as he rubs back where bullet bounced off belt*

1ST LT. *D. Houge (left) believes in charmed lives after third time he is shot down*

MARINE *Capt. T. C. Billings checks one of holes Red ground forces put in his Corsair*

Take a Good Look

You have to take a good look at these "trucks".

A couple of Devilcat pilots took a second look at what appeared to be a string of trucks. A closer look proved the vehicles to be Russian-made tanks rigged with a wooden platform on top to make them look like trucks.

You just can't trust those Reds.

Lucky Boys

It wasn't exactly a laughing matter but they could afford to grin as they told what happened.

Take the case of Aviation Electronicsman James Nesbit of Detroit and the *Boxer:* a Red slug ripped up through the bottom of his *Skyraider,* tore through his parachute setting it afire, and headed for Nesbit. Doing collateral duty as armor, Nesbit's cartridge belt deflected the bullet which continued out the side of the plane. Nesbit lost his pants, but he's not griping.

Then there's 1st Lt. Donald B. Houge of Aberdeen, S. D. This Leatherneck flier didn't make it back to the *Bataan,* but he did make it to friendly territory despite a four-foot hole in his wing. The remainder of the trip was made via parachute, a tide flat, and a helicopter piloted by Lt. (jg) William J. Cox, also of the *Bataan.*

This made three times for Houge. He was shot down once before in Korea and once in Okinawa during World War II.

"A guy can be only so lucky," the Marine philosophized as he read his orders to return to the States.

Always Available

Because of its past and present performances, UN forces in Korea have come to the conclusion that the helicopter can do just about anything. That's a reasonable conclusion.

Here are a few of the jobs turned in:

Marine helicopter pilots had their busiest day May 29 when they evacuated 79 casualties from the battle lines to rear area stations.

A Catholic chaplain was flown to the front lines and conducted religious services while his helicopter waited 40 feet away to whisk the "sky pilot" back to the command post.

In 49 minutes, a request for 40 pints of whole blood from a frontline medical station was filled, again by helicopter.

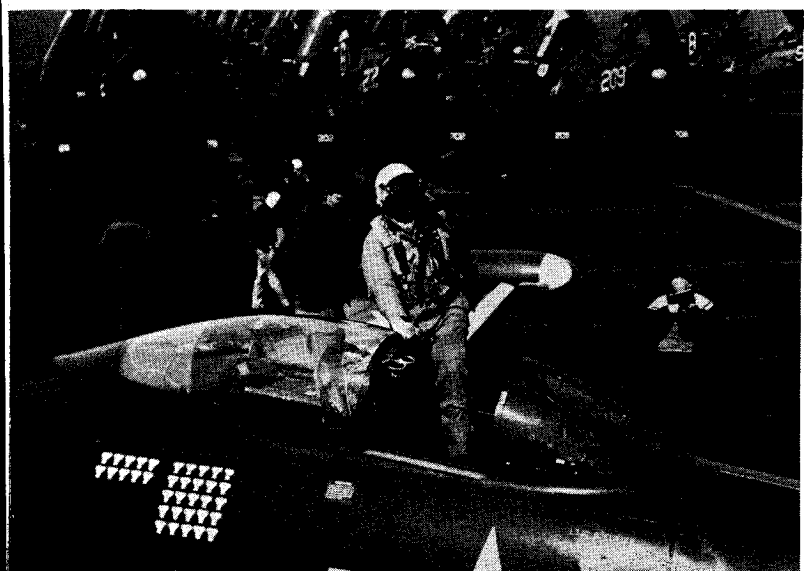
A helicopter piloted by Maj. David W. McFarland of Glendale, Calif. and Capt. James R. O'Moore of Milwaukee, Wis. had to set down on a 4,000-foot knife-like ridge several time to evacuate 17 wounded Marines. The last trips were made after dark. As helicopter instruments are not lighted, one of the ambulatory patients struck matches to light up the board.

Another helicopter of the First Marine Aircraft Wing made similar night evacuations using a flashlight for instrument illumination.

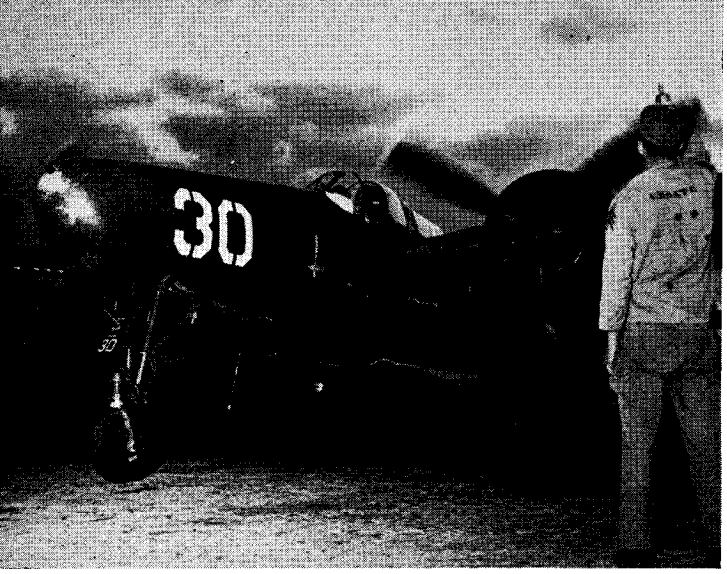
The crew of a helicopter from the New Jersey pulled a short tour of "shore duty" after heavy winds forced them to set down on a ridge. Two days walking brought them to a friendly Korean village, and by destroyer they returned to their ship the third day.

With the help of the destroyer, a small boat, the Army and the Air Force, the intrepid crew, Lt. (jg) George T. Tuffanelli and Aviation Machinist James B. Williams, started back. After working their way through the surge of UN forces chasing retreating Reds, the Navy men wangled a ride to their beached craft, made a few repairs and put in fuel. Then via Air Force field and cruiser Los Angeles they finally got home to the New Jersey, none the worse for the "shore duty."

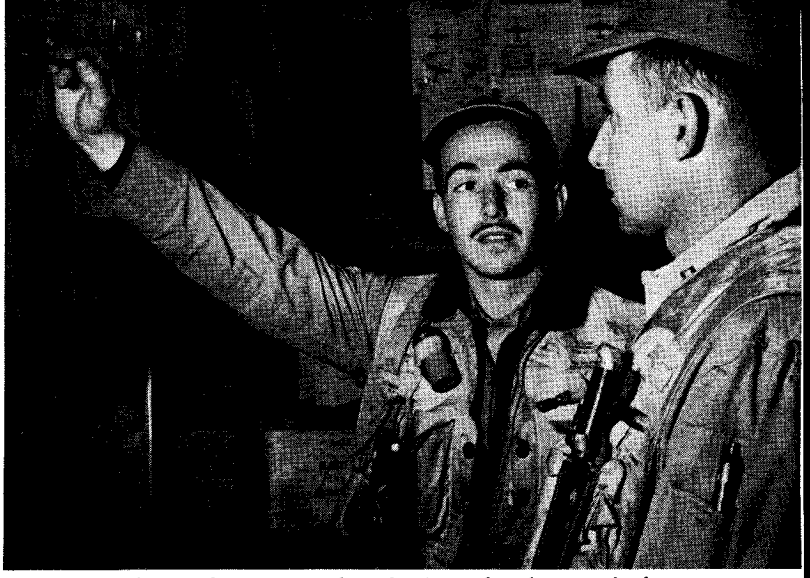
FAST F9F *jet photo plane starts on 36th mission. Lt. (jg) G. Elmies if New York City will follow attack planes in the background*



TWO ORDNANCEMEN *load Skyraider with 1000-pound bomb. For info, man on left is jumping on truck to free it from the bomb*



NIGHT FIGHTER *of VMF-513 starts "working day" at sunset as Navy continues round the clock pressure against the Reds in Korea*



WARRANT *Officer Robert E. Woodworth of Pittsburgh, Pa., checks sched with nightfighter pilot, Capt. Edward Long, of Costa Maga, Cal.*

Light Up The Sky

It was only a shot in the dark, but it just went to show that it pays to be curious—sometimes.

Marine Captain Manning T. Jannell wondered about a light he saw on the ground far behind enemy lines. Just to see what would happen, he flipped a rocket at it and drove on, but not far. Jannell knew he had started something more than just a small fire when a tremendous explosion lighted up the whole sky.

"My *Tigercat* bucked like a dinghy in a choppy sea, flaming pieces of stuff flew up about 7,000 feet, and I was flying at 2,000 feet," he said. "I wondered if I'd ever see home again."

As the shaky pilot circled admiring his handiwork, he called to a fellow member of the "Flying Nightmares" squadron, 1st Lt. Ernest R. Olsen, to come and take a look.

To help things along, Olsen contributed two rockets to the edge of the conflagration. The two Nightmares got a repeat performance as a second terrific explosion ripped the North Korean night.

"I thought I'd had it," Jannell said the next day discussing the object of his curiousity, obviously a large enemy ammunition dump the Communists wouldn't get to use.

Sharing the News

As the pointer flicked over a huge map of Korea indicating areas of current action, a steady voice informed the audience of the latest combat situation and possible future developments.

Seated in an outdoor theater at a Marine air base in South Korea, an attentive audience of Leatherneck ground crewmen, supply personnel, and other rear echelon troops, were being briefed on the war they were fighting.

Conducting the session was 29-year-old Marine Capt. Willis G. Colbern.

During the course of a regular working day, Capt. Colburn interrogates returning pilots on their missions and evaluates the data he receives so it can be passed on to fliers making later strikes.

But Capt. Colbern believes that ground troops, as well as aviators, can profit by keeping abreast of the latest news. Convinced that they would take a greater interest in their work and accomplish it more efficiently if they were kept informed of how it affected the UN effort, he inaugurated what has become a feature attraction at the airfield.

Once a week the briefing is conducted. Attendance is voluntary, but large crowds gather for each meeting.

Hooks Phone Wires

Nobody ever thought a tailhook was a weapon, but Marine Capt. George E. Mouzakis used the hook on his *Corsair* as one.

Flying over Korean territory from the *Bataan,* Mouzakis spotted some Communist telephone lines. He swept down low, lowered his hook and ripped loose the enemy's communications.

Take a Closer Look

It pays to nose around a little while on raids over enemy territory in Korea, two First Marine Air Wing pilots found.

Weather over the western and central sectors was so bad Maj. Edward Ochoa and 1st Lt. Richard R. Miller turned the F4U's to the east coast.

North of Yangyang they saw three camouflaged trucks parked in a triangle. Ochoa dropped a napalm bomb, hitting one squarely and slopping over the other two, burning all three to the ground.

Nearby, the pilots spotted another truck hidden in the shadow of a house. A 100-pound frag bomb disposed of this. A closer look at a small village revealed two other trucks cleverly camouflaged. When strafed, both burst into flame.

On another low-level sweep, the pilots spotted a pile of supplies in a grove of trees and disposed of them with rockets. They still had ammunition left.

In a ravine close by the original three still-smouldering trucks, an exploratory burst of 20 mm cannon fire started a small fire. Added bursts set fire to a hidden gasoline dump. It exploded violently after the fourth run. Ochoa is a former Reserve flier from Dallas, now with the *Black Sheep* squadron.

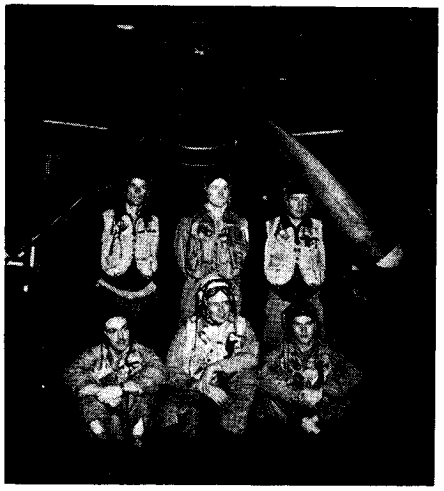
TERROR *of the Red troops is this Skyraider laden with a belly full of napalm and bombs ready to set off on a big air offensive*

Helicopter Rescue

The Marine flyer clawed his way down the outside of his crippled *Corsair* fighter-bomber and then bounced off the tail section into thin air.

Seconds later the sputtering of the dying engine was out of earshot, and 1st Lt. Robert C. Conklin started his silent parachute descent to the rocky hills of enemy territory in central Korea.

Although it was his first parachute jump, Lt. Conklin maneuvered his chute during the 2,000-foot fall to pick out a brushy slope for a landing. In about 20 minutes a blue helicopter hovered over him, and Lt. Conklin fired a flare over an open spot on the hillside where he wanted the 'copter to land.



ONLY ENLISTED *pilots in Korean war are these six "Flying Chevrons" from Marine squadron on CVL Bataan. Standing, Sgts. Gail Lane, John McMasters, Clyde B. Casebeer; seated, Billy R. Green, Donald A. Ives and Norman Payne.*

Down came the helicopter piloted by Capt. Gene W. Morrison. With his rescued passenger strapped into the copter's seat, Capt. Morrison climbed back to the friendly side of the Korean battlefront.

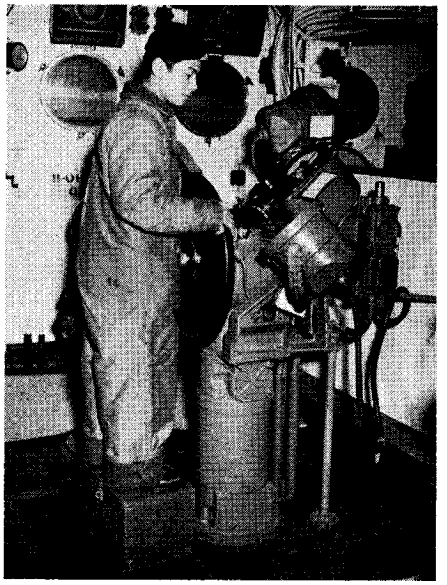
Lt. Conklin had been launched into his parachute while he and Capt. Clarence Zingheim were on search along the roads and hills north of Hongchon. They had blown up an enemy-occupied building and about 40 barrels in an ammunition dump.

While Capt. Zingheim pulled up for a look around, Lt. Conklin dropped low for a look at a suspicious straw-covered mound. Thinking the mound might be an ammunition dump, he gave the area a short "squirt" from his machine guns.

The dump exploded with a blast that tossed Conklin and his plane about and apparently flying metal chewed into the *Corsair* engine.

As he climbed swiftly, Lt. Conklin noted his plane's oil pressure dropping rapidly. He headed south towards the Marine lines and radioed Capt. Zingheim that he intended to bail out. Then he threw back the canopy and hoisted himself out of the cockpit.

Capt. Zingheim called for the rescue helicopter and hovered over Conklin until he saw him land safely.



IT TAKES A *box to help Wing H. Fong, seaman apprentice, reach the helm of the aircraft carrier Boxer, now operating off Korea. Wing, a quartermaster striker, has been in the Naval Reserve about a year and was called up for active duty in Sept. 1950.*

Seek and Ye Shall Find

Marine fighter-bombers ranging the North Korean highways day and night are making life tough for convoys rushing supplies south of the battle lines.

Capt. Manning T. Jannel, flying a F7F *Tigercat,* and his radar operator, Warrant Officer Ira S. Norris, spotted a convoy at 0200 near Kaesong. Strafing exploded the first truck and by the light of the flames repeated attacks knocked out 15 more and damaged 30.

Eleven fighter-bombers destroyed a virtual mountain of Chinese supplies near Hoeyang during a 15-minute attack. The MAG-12 pilots led by LCol. James Feeley dropped three 500-pound bombs, eight napalm tanks, fired 82 rockets and 4,800 rounds of 20 mm cannon ammunition. Their attack left four large fires burning in the supply area.

Another "lone wolf" F7F pilot, 1st Lt. Paul T. Widenkeller, working with an Air Force pilot who dropped flares at strategic places along the Communists' supply routes, caught a large number of trucks in a bend in a road. After several strafing runs, Wiedenkeller counted 12 fires in the blackness beneath him. (Trucks do not explode unless they are loaded with fuel or ammunition.)

For good measure, he picked off a single truck, his 13th victim of the night.

Another member of the truck-killing fraternity was 1st Lt. Harold E. Roland, who on two night attacks sought out and destroyed 13 Communist trucks by himself. On the second of these he had a flare plane to help. They found a string of vehicles almost bumper to bumper. Roland strafed the column back and forth, starting small fires which were followed by seven explosions—gasoline!

LT. BUD BROWN *of VP-772, Los Alamitos' patrol squadron now in the Korean theater, receives a traffic ticket from a Japanese cop for having California license plates on his jeep. Lt. Jim Marovish, also VP-772, watches in anguish. Marovish, a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, considers this an insult to Southern California (note the "Los Angeles City Limits" sign behind the cop). Lt. Brown had just received the plates in the mail from the California motor vehicle department and thought them pretty.*